

TOC H JOURNAL

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Window on the World

WHEN it was decided that no national Festival of Toc H should be held in 1949 a spate of Area Festivals and Rallies was foreseen and has been having its way. There are surely few members who attended these who doubt that the effort was worth while.

The Festival 'season' this year extends from spring to autumn. Already on April 9 WEST MIDLANDS Area met at Birmingham (see May JOURNAL); a week later WALES AND THE MARCHES rallied at Caerphilly; on the last weekend of the month LINCOLNSHIRE members were at Skegness (see June issue). On the same day, April 30, the Mayor of Southport welcomed NORTH WESTERN members to his town; Penry Jones, lecturer for the Iona Youth Trust, made them think and the famous 'Gert and Daisy' made them laugh. On May 21, the LAKELAND Area rallied at Penrith, where Padre Arthur Howard preached at the afternoon service and the Administrator, for twenty-four years Headmaster of Keswick School, was fittingly the final speaker at the guest night. Next in order has been the EAST MIDLANDS Area Festival at Peterborough, where Tubby, having said that "Cathedrals were not built to preach in", preached in the Cathedral; Wyatt Joyce was the vigorous evening speaker, and the Peterborough Players played to good purpose. On the following Saturday, June 18, OXFORD AND THAMES VALLEY, which has a lovely choice of sites for its gatherings, filled St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for its Act of Thanksgiving and Dedication, with Fr. Robert (Max Petitpierre) preaching, and after a leisurely tea interval at Eton, met in the Memorial Hall of the College, where Barkis was the final speaker.

Next day, Sunday, SURREY AND SUSSEX met at Chichester where members heard Morley Jacob, Chairman of the Central Executive, and gave thanks in the evening in the Cathedral. July opened with the WESTERN AREA Festival at Bristol on the 2nd; in the afternoon the Cathedral was filled from end to end, as was the war-scarred great hall of the University in the evening, where the Administrator spoke. On Sunday, July 17, KENT members met in Rochester Cathedral in the afternoon, with three local mayors in the congregation that listened to Padre Austen Williams, and the evening guest-night at Chatham welcomed Jack Shaw, fresh from New Zealand, and heard Padre John Durham.

August brought a holiday from Festivals but now 'term' begins again, and, as will be seen from a note on page 304, lasts for the final four months of the year.

This is the merest catalogue and only the memories of those who were present will be able to clothe this event or that in the bright colours and the human warmth that belong to a Toc H gathering. In the course of a quarter of a century we have developed a *technique* (alien and horrid word) of festivals, a stock programme of worship and preachment, of refreshment interval, of guestnight with roll call, singing or acting, a procession of banners leading up to Light, a speech or two and home-going prayers. This has been proved simple and effective and it allows of many minor variations. But is there not room now for some fresh thinking and for experiment in quite different modes of getting together?

Getting together—in many cases a rare chance for the men and women members of our Family—is, of course, the main aim, and no one doubts that it is worth the trouble of achieving it. The heavy burden of preparation falls inevitably on a few shoulders, but this willing service is not given in vain. A Festival on an Area, and still more on a national, scale, takes the member for a few hours right out of the orbit of his beloved parish pump and gives him a vision of the wider Family, too little realised, to which he belongs. It opens a window on the world.

The Four Points

The Four Points of the Compass, an interpretation. By John Durham
(Published by Toc H, 6d.).

PETER MONIE wrote, in 1924, "I am not so sure that either very many members or I know enough about the Four Points or what they commit us to". These words are still true to-day and they provide ample reason for publishing John Durham's interpretation of the Four Points of the Compass. The importance of the Four Points to Toc H cannot be overstressed, lack of thought about them cannot be excused.

This is not a classic, if it were it would be a failure. It is a book written for our time. Using the language of everyday and avoiding religious jargon the writer has put before us the eternal realities. He has shown clearly the interdependence of the Four Points, and this is surely the very first point that must be grasped. When Toc H begins to think and talk about Fellowship or Service (and it does happen), then there is something rotten in the Family. When, as even more frequently, the Third and Fourth Points are completely forgotten the disease has become nearly fatal. Praise must be given for the way in which these two points have been dealt with.

This is an age when headlines have taken the place of facts, when *clichés* have replaced intelligent discussion, and when thinking fairly has been made difficult, not by too little information being available but by having too many different versions of the same event. This is an age when the Gospel of Salvation has been replaced by the Gospel of Social Science. In this situation Toc H has yet heavier responsibilities and thorough understanding and complete acceptance of its principles has never been more essential.

This interpretation can be of tremendous value in getting that insight, and can perhaps even clear the mists from before the eyes of those who, having had the Four Points before their vision for so long, have become short-sighted.

D.B.



The Reopening Service of the North Aisle of All Hallows

Rebuilding All Hallows

Service at Reopening of North Aisle

IN RECORDING the reopening of the North Aisle of All Hallows, it is pleasant to chronicle that the work of rebuilding has been carried out without taking materials away from housing needs. It has been done almost entirely by gifts received from the Dominions and the U.S.A. Steel for the roof and pillars has come from Boston and from Texas, timber from Canada, and a good friend in Montreal gave the fine eighteen bell carillon.

It was from this carillon on the late afternoon of July 14th, that the strains of "Greensleeves" sounded a jubilant note over Tower Hill as Queen Mary arrived to take part in the special service which marked the re-opening of the North Aisle.

An hour earlier, Dr. Wand had left Fulham Palace in a P.L.A. launch and travelled down Thames to Tower Pier; the first time for over a century that a Bishop of London had journeyed in an official capacity by river.

In the North Porch, where Yeoman Warders from the Tower mounted guard, the Queen Mother was received by the Bishop and Tubby. Here, Lord Wavell, Governor of the Tower, Lord Forster, the Bishop of Pittsburg and the Assistant Bishop of New York were presented to her.

Queen Mary is no stranger to All Hallows, for it was on one of her much earlier visits that she examined the font cover, then encased in white paint and, from her knowledge of antiques, advised that it be cleaned and restored. When the paint was removed, her judgement was confirmed and a piece of Grinling Gibbons' own carving was revealed.

While only 140 people could be accommodated within the newly-built walls, the service was relayed to ten times that

number seated in the huge marquee erected in the gardens nearby; and in the surrounding streets hundreds of city-workers and sightseers joined in as well. The simple service included a prayer for the acceptance and completion of the work:

"Almighty God, who in the beginning created the heaven and the earth and saw that it was good, have regard we beseech Thee to all that here has been undertaken in Thy Name. Accept and bless the imagination of the architects, the skill of the craftsmen, the labour of the workmen, the manifold gifts of money and material, the constant care of all who have sought to restore that which had been broken down. And grant that the work, thus begun, may be continued and ended in Thee, who art Thyself the beginning and the ending of all things, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

The act of re-opening was made by the Bishop "standing in the midst of the church" and immediately afterwards he dedicated the *Liber Vitæ*, the Book of Life, held before him by Tubby. Then came the Ceremony of Light, followed by the Toc H prayer for All Hallows:

"Father we pray Thee so to manifest Thy mercies that All Hallows may rise again to hallow all.

"Here may the strong renew their strength, the poor find succour and the friendless friendship. Here to the tempted give power, to the sorrowing comfort. Bestow on the bereaved the joy of knowing that death itself hath over their beloved no dominion. Here let the fearing gain new courage, and the doubting have their faith and hope confirmed. Here let the careless be awakened, and all that are oppressed be freed.

"O Thou who makest the morning, and the midday, and the evening of life, hither let children love to come, and old folk as Thy children to praise Thee. Hence, each age in turn, may they go forth with doubts resolved and faith renewed; their fears at rest, their courage high, their purpose firm, their sins dispelled, their hearts aflame, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

The Bishop of London, in a brief address, said that their rejoicing at this rebuilt North Aisle was an earnest of the joy to come. Toc H would also rejoice that its central shrine was gradually regaining its ancient loveliness. Every one of the City churches was a witness to the eternal heritage, and every passer-by must realise that here was a door open to heaven.

The service over, Queen Mary drove slowly through a cheering crowd to 42 Trinity Square, along a route lined with the banners of many Branches. Here, the Winant Volunteers, a party of young American students who had come over at their own expense to help in the East End and at All Hallows, were presented to Her Majesty by Tubby, as



Daily Graphic

Queen Mary, the Bishop of London, Lord Wavell, Lady Forster and Tubby

were also the following overseas representatives of Toc H: Ronnie Symonds (India), L. H. Campling (Southern Africa), Ted Davidson (Australia), Padre Gilbert Williams (Canada) and Jack Shaw (New Zealand).

One might well have concluded that this marked the end of the day's celebrations, but not a bit of it. The Queen had departed and a company of Billingsgate fish-porters were just finishing the concert they had put on in the marquee, when a crowd of some 1,300 Toc H members and friends commenced to gather at Tower Pier. In the next half-hour, one-by-one, six launches slipped their moorings, 'ducked their lids' under Tower Bridge and steamed down river on a full tide. Within a stone's throw of Greenwich Naval College the flotilla hove to, made fast to each other, and for the next hour the river echoed to the sounds of song and speech and much laughter.



Queen Mary leaving "Forty-two"

From the middle boat, Padre Austen Williams opened this nautical Guest Night. Jack Rawlings then took over the helm and steered the singing. Bosun's whistles piped Father Neptune aboard (he did, in fact scramble from one boat to another but the illusion was complete for at least one small boy, convinced that he had come up out of the depths!) A smart piece of staff-work, from two bright lads per launch, enabled Neptune to present a seven-foot scroll containing the signatures of those on board to 'Greeno', to whom London was saying a belated farewell on his removal to the Southern Area. Harry Gell, Chairman of the London Team, followed Neptune's presentation with a further one of a despatch case, subscribed for in small amounts by London members. Greeno expressed thanks and presented Toc H London with a rare copy of *Christmas Spirit*, the 1920 Toc H Annual, delivering it into the hands of Bill Harris, doyen of London Mark Wardens. Tubby then came to the microphone and for the next ten minutes delighted members with

a characteristic talk, after which Jack Shaw, newly returned from New Zealand, spoke briefly of the Family on the other side of the world. Only the gentle lapping of the water on the sides of the boats broke the hush which fell as Greeno took 'Light', after which the singing of "The day Thou gavest Lord is ended" brought the Guest Night to a fitting close. The return in convoy on a now darkened river completed the day's events.

Situation Report

1. The *Accounts* for the nine months ended 31st July, 1949, showed a deficit of £11,000.
2. The *Expenditure* Budget for the year has been cut from over £61,000 in 1948 to £57,000 this year.
Current expenditure indicates that we shall keep well within the reduced Budget.
3. *Income* for the nine months has fallen from £36,072 in 1948 to £30,792 in 1949.

The main reductions are as follows:—

	1948	1949	—
Members and Branches	£	£	£
Contributions ...	13,011	9,356	3,655
Builders Subscriptions	7,921	7,670	251
Donations (inc. B.B.C.)			
Appeal in 1948 ...	7,356	5,409	1,947
	<u>£28,288</u>	<u>£22,435</u>	<u>£5,853</u>

4. We hoped to reduce the deficit this year to £5,000. In order to achieve this we need to raise a further £20,000 in August, September and October.
In the same months of 1948 we raised £15,264.

The Elder Brethren

ALLEN.—On June 20, DOUGLAS ALLEN, M.B.E., aged 76, a member of Alexandria Branch. Elected 20.8.'26.

BARLOW.—On July 23, WILLIAM BARLOW, ('Bill'), aged 57, a member of Willaston Branch. Elected 11.11.'35.

BARWELL.—In June, CHARLES LEYCESTER BARWELL, aged 51, a member of Maidenhead Branch. Elected 11.8.'40.

BAUGH.—On July 6, ARTHUR BAUGH, aged 65, a member of Low Hill Branch. Elected 4.5.'36.

BUGGY.—On June 18, CHARLES JAMES BUGGY, a member of Falmouth Branch. Elected 7.4.'45.

BYNG.—On June 20, the Viscountess BYNG of VIMY, a very early friend of Toc H.

COATES.—On July 7, HERBERT PARMENAS COATES, ('H.P.') aged 59, a member of North Walsham Branch. Elected August, 1936.

COX.—In June, ALBERT KINGSWILL COX, aged 64, a member of Seaton Branch. Elected 1.1.'41.

DANIELS.—On June 9, WILLIAM HENRY DANIELS, aged 53, a member of Parkstone Branch. Elected 1.1.'32.

DOUGLASS.—On July 22, the Rev. FREDERICK WINGFIELD DOUGLASS, O.B.E., M.C., aged 83, founder of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta's boys' school and orphanage, and a member of Calcutta Branch. Elected January, 1929.

GILBY.—On June 7, at Hillingdon, Uxbridge, the Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM GEORGE GILBY, O.B.E., aged 83, formerly a member of Kingston Branch, Jamaica. Elected 1.1.'38.

GUINEY.—On July 12, JOHN CALWELL GUINEY, aged 76, the Hon. Treasurer of Belfast Hospitals Entertainments Committee and a member of Victoria (Belfast) Branch. Elected 1.11.'42.

GURNEY-CHAMPION.—On June 14, FREDERICK CECIL GURNEY GURNEY-CHAMPION, aged 78, a founder member of

Newport and Carisbrooke Branch. Elected 7.9.'29.

HALFORD.—On May 26, GEORGE HALFORD, aged 40, a member of Retford Branch. Elected 1.12.'27.

HALLIDAY.—On March 30, in Australia, H. R. HALLIDAY, formerly a member of Enfield Branch. Elected 15.10.'31.

HAYWOOD.—On May 10, Capt. CECIL W. HAYWOOD, a member of Farnham Branch. Elected 10.3.'27.

O'GRADY.—On April 29, the Rev. CAREW JAMES STANDISH O'GRADY, aged 66, a member of Hilmarton Branch. Elected 27.3.'47.

PATTENDEN.—On May 6, GEORGE PATTENDEN, aged 38, a member of Ticehurst Branch. Elected 30.5.'29.

PEARCE.—On May 31, FRED PEARCE, aged 66, a member of Sevenoaks Branch. Elected 31.3.'33.

PEET.—On July 4, ROBERT HENRY PEET, ('Pop'), aged 81, a member of Burton-on-Trent Branch. Elected 11.5.'32.

PRYOR.—On July 12, ROBERT ARTHUR PRYOR, aged 19, a member of Brockley Branch. Elected 29.4.'48.

RANKIN.—On June 28, FREDERICK WILLIAM RANKIN, aged 54, a member of Camborne Branch. Elected 31.10.'46.

SMITH.—On June 18, LINLEY SMITH, aged 46, a member of Stamford Branch. Elected 29.1.'46.

SMITH.—On July 24, THOMAS SMITH, ('Uncle Tom'), aged 77, a founder member of Norwich Branch. Elected 1.1.'23.

STEAD.—On June 22, HAROLD STEAD, aged 57, a member of Bridlington Branch. Elected 28.3.'27.

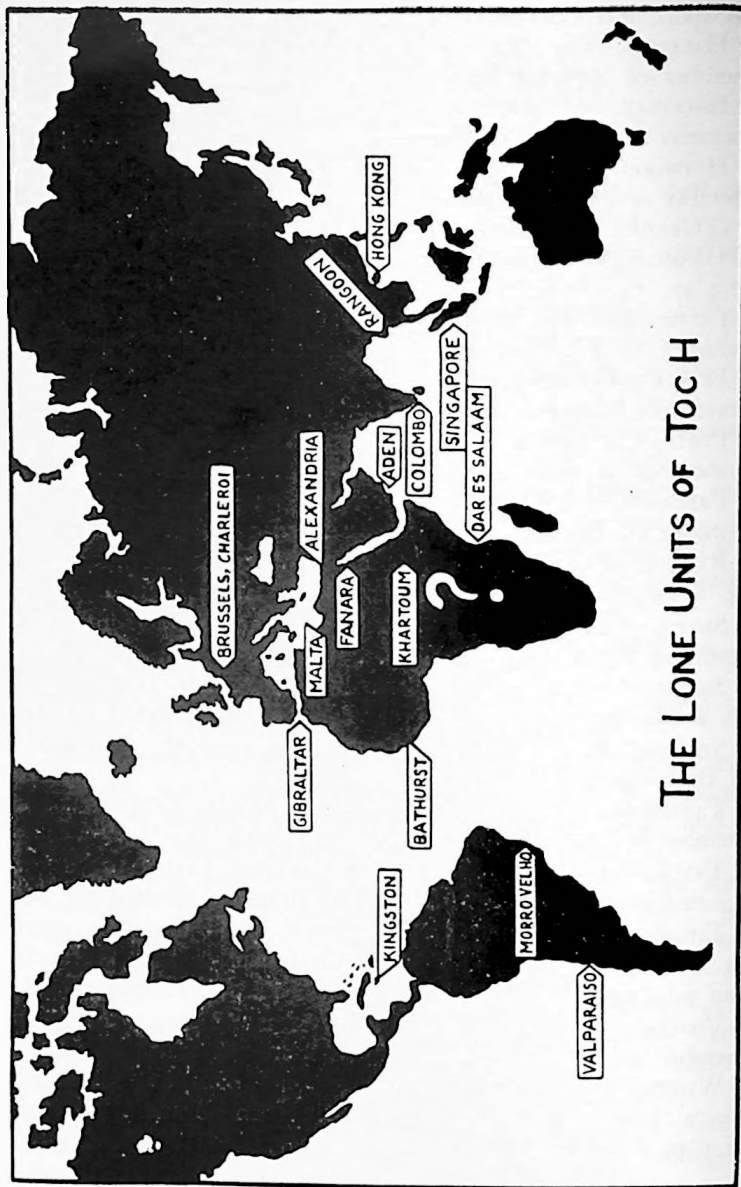
TATTERSALL.—On June 9, ARTHUR NÖELL TATTERSALL, a member of Portland Branch. Elected 30.9.'32.

TAYLOR.—On June 6, RAYMOND CARLTON TAYLOR, aged 53, a founder member of Huddersfield Branch. Elected 1.4.'21.

THOMSON.—On June 17, FREDERICK JOHN THOMSON, aged 54, a Vice-President of Toc H, Chairman of Largs Branch and a former Treasurer of Toc H Scotland. Elected 31.8.'34.

VOSPER.—On June 9, FRANK WILLIAM VOSPER, aged 27, a member of Plymouth Branch. Elected 7.2.'41.

WHITING.—On July 16, GUY JOSEPH WHITING ('Joe'), aged 56, a founder member of Sheringham Branch. Elected 31.3.'35.



THE LONE UNITS OF T.O.C.H.

Far Cry

Some further notes on far-away places from the Overseas Secretary.

Do You?

Do you know any members living to the east of the query on the map opposite?—to be precise, in Kampala, Nairobi, Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam, and Kongwa, where the groundnuts grow. Time was when Toc H flourished in the first three centres, but now the only men's unit is in Dar-es-Salaam. That is why the presence of Barkis in East Africa early in the New Year is such a great opportunity to win fresh friends for Toc H and encourage old ones. His visit presents us with a rare opportunity to begin the re-building of Toc H in East Africa, a part which seems destined to develop enormously.

From the London end we are trying to prepare the ground by collecting the names of members and friends who may be willing to help rebuild Toc H at ground-floor level. That is why you are asked, "do you know any?"

All over the world members are on the move. This process becomes a natural means of stimulating the Movement and saving it from spiritual drought. It explains how Toc H has grown and why it keeps cropping up in the most unexpected places. Traditionally its growth has depended upon one convinced member infecting another. When 'business reasons' sent the Branch Secretary of Mark VII to Nyasaland a group at Zomba was the outcome, and when the Warden went to Burma Toc H in Rangoon took shape. A few members of Singapore now find themselves in Kuala Lumpur, and have at least thought about trying to re-start Toc H there, in spite of incredible difficulties.

It seems sensible to assume that if we are able to keep in touch with members as they travel about the world we can to some extent help them personally, and occasionally may even help them to start Toc H in some organised way. Every time a Unit Secretary forgets to tell us when a member leaves, and where he goes, who can say what opportunities are being missed?

By Launch to the Meeting

The fantastic situation in Burma is bound to touch Toc H in Rangoon. The city has its refugee camps, and its squatters. A colony of lepers are in the old Christian cemetery. The first cabinet were murdered and the present Ministers of State live behind barbed wire. The shots you hear at night are probably just the sentries firing at things they think need firing at. Yet the life of the city goes on somehow. One of the members was brought out to install a signalling system to cope with a seven-minute train service, but grass now grows in the station yard, almost undisturbed by the few very local trains. In the face of such conditions all members felt the need to do something, somewhere. So an attempt was made earlier in the year to run a Street Boys' Club in the open, actually on the piece of grass beside the American Missionary's house. The idea was to get the boys from a certain tough area together on four evenings a week, and to see if something, necessarily crude and elementary, could be done to check the influence of everything else in their daily life. The responsible headman agreed and the experiment began, those members who could speak the language taking charge, and the others doing what they could. Whether it can continue is quite another matter.

Mastering finer points of the Burmese language is a problem when the members visit the General Hospital, which they do twice a week. Meetings are held as usual and three members come up by launch from Syriam, with its derelict oil refinery, half an hour's journey nearer Elephant Point and the open sea. More Burmese members are needed, but meantime there is a most cheerful peace within the group, and that is a good beginning.

The Answer was "No!"

The question was, "A lad from this village is going out to Venezuela next month; do you know any members there who would be friendly to him?" To a West Country boy Venezuela must seem quite a long way from home, and still longer if no-one in particular is on the lookout for him. Yet it might be that the one-time Pilot of Rugby was there,

and an old hosteller of the Calcutta Mark, and one of the early members of Santiago. If told of his arrival, each one of them would have been glad to welcome the lad, and help him to find his feet. The trouble was that it hadn't occurred to anyone to tell us at Headquarters that they *were* there. This recent incident was followed by others. A keen London member leaving for the Persian Gulf, unknown to anyone who could have introduced him to friends out there; here is a press cutting describing a farewell Branch party to a member going overseas without a word to a soul; a letter from Jack Davies in New Zealand, saying that their members were frequently running across others lately arrived unannounced from England. What can be done? Obviously, let the Secretary inform the Overseas Office at Francis Street!

Turn to the map again. Don't be misled by the space occupied by the names of the Lone Units: there is plenty of space for extension. We want a friend in every place overseas to which English speaking people are likely to gravitate. We don't want to collect them simply as an alternative to collecting motor-car numbers. We want them so that when a father says, "My boy is going to Tristan da Cunha; can you introduce him to a Toc H friend" we can say, "Yes indeed, the Manager of the Woolworth's in the High Street was a member of Sydney" (or Norwich or Cape Town, or Winnipeg). If only we could *guess* where they all are it would simplify things. But we are just not good at guessing!

An Overseas Airlift

We want to help in any way we can to overcome the sense of isolation among some members and units. As an experiment an Air Mail news-letter is despatched, at approximately bi-monthly intervals, to a limited number of isolated units and individuals. Because of the cost we can only send them to people who really want them, for a lot of us can't abide this sort of thing. If any faraway member wants to be on our mailing list we will willingly add his name—on condition that he tells us when he no longer wants them.

Names, for all purposes, to the Overseas Secretary, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

Life Begins Again

GERMANY nowadays is much in the news. She no longer lies prone upon a heap of debris left by the tide of war but has struggled to her feet and prepares rather ostentatiously, for good or ill, to enter again the comity of Western nations. The greatest single change in her condition, and consequently in the mood of her people, was wrought by a decisive stroke one weekend last year: it was acclaimed at the time as "the miracle of currency reform." This happened shortly after my return from a visit to Germany in May/June, 1948, which gave rise to an article in these pages at the time, and I found the effects startling on my next brief visit in May/June of the present year. The life of the nation as a whole shows an astonishing revival. You have but to search the faces of passers-by, to talk with friends, to gaze into shop windows or to watch country folk stooping among their abundant crops to feel the change in the air. There is a whole world of difference between these alert, rather too self-conscious, intensely busy people and the ghostly, grey-faced sleep-walkers who shambled among the ruins in 1946. Many people, far better qualified than I am, have analysed the whole operation of currency reform, its major benefits and its trail of minor but real human tragedies. I will try to present three pictures only, very indirectly concerned with this economic revolution.

Starting Out

Most of my first week I spent in a school in the American Zone. It was not an ordinary week of term but a conference of G.E.R. (German Educational Reconstruction), on whose board I serve. And it was no ordinary school but one of the small number of private boarding schools in Germany, which like our own much more numerous Public Schools (however unlike in other respects), receive for the most part no grants from public funds and stand outside the State

educational system. The Odenwald School was founded in 1910 by a highly original couple and has an unmistakable character of its own. Its present headmistress, 70-year old Minna Specht, is a great lover of England and as a refugee was one of the earliest members of G.E.R. in war-time, a most courageous and lovable woman.

This is not a prospectus of the Odenwald School and cannot enter upon many fascinating details of life in this lovely place. Its dozen steep-roofed buildings are set high upon a ridge at the head of a remote valley. Behind them stretches for many miles a great forest, before them slope away green meadows and orchards, in a dark frame of oak and pine, towards the distant plain where the Rhine is a silver streak. In each of these buildings (other than those given up to dining hall and workshops) lives and works a small community of its own, conscious of its part in the larger community which is the School. Each little community is not a 'House' in the English boarding-school sense, but is simply called a 'family'. (Toc H will appreciate the name and a relationship which has much in common with the small Branch 'families' within the greater Family of our own movement). And a true family indeed it is, consisting of boys and girls of all ages from infants to eighteen or twenty, a 'mother' in charge, men and women teachers, often with their own children, and all the men and women who do domestic service under the same roof. There is no argument here about co-education: any other system would be reckoned astonishing and unnatural in this closely-knit little world. In the whole school there are some 200 pupils, roughly 50-50 boys and girls, and the large teaching staff of twenty-five. Moreover Minna will have as many 'problem' children among them as she can, each one to be patiently discovered, loved and delivered, if it may be, from its individual trouble.

For a week we lived among the elder children (the toddlers had been sent home to make room for us) in the School. And to each of us was attached a young guide and friend, quite ready to perform the menial duties of a 'fag' in the English sense but all the time a *person* who not merely

'reported' with a smile before breakfast but would take one for a walk in the woods or to tea in his own little room; the grace and tact of their hospitality was charming. The little boy who was my 'batman' still bore in his face and nervous gestures the marks of horrors he was trying to forget. The head girl of the School, a splendid character, was responsible for the younger members of her own family as well as the medical career she was bent upon, for her mother was in an asylum as the result of war experiences and her father sick and out of reach behind the 'iron curtain'. Time and again you stumbled on these stories, they were never forced upon you.

The ideal behind this community of 'families' cannot be better expressed than by a quotation which heads the founder's booklet on his venture: it comes from Goethe, that great free spirit, the 200th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated round the world this year.

"Well-born, healthy children bring much into the world with them. Nature has given to each all that he needs in the long run. To develop this is our duty; often it develops itself best of all. But one thing no-one brings with him into the world, and yet it is just that on which everything else depends, that which makes a man become in all respects a real man—Reverence."

In the Odenwald School, whatever may be its difficulties and shortcomings, you feel that 'reverence' (in Toc H we may be tempted to call it 'thinking fairly') lies behind all—in the relation of child to other children, of boy to girl, of teacher and pupil, of the rest of the family to the domestic staff, the whole School to the tiny hamlet at its doors and to the wide world from which strangers like ourselves come often within its gates. Of course this spirit must suffer its breakdowns but it rules here as an influence real and intangible, if not quite the same, as the spirit which nourishes the life of the best English schools. It is certainly more self-conscious, for the German is never content to enjoy a good thing unless he has dissected it and philosophized about all his moods and motives. There is a great draught of freedom here but also a true discipline and the grace of humour, each of its own kind. The place is human and gay, as well as deeply in earnest; it can laugh at itself as well as at others.



Perhaps a hint of the relationship emerges even from the snapshot, here reproduced, of Minna Specht teaching a small boy—not the great headmistress giving a lesson to a junior so much as two personalities, confident in each other, tackling a job which absorbs them both.

Never, and nowhere more than in Germany today, has this spirit of reverence or fair-thinking been so much needed, this tolerant and steady gaze, both inwards on each small emergency of the moment and outwards to the overwhelming problems of rebuilding a world in ruins. German social life is often notably selfish, its politics unreasonably violent, its best men hopelessly divided among themselves because of the lack of it. Those who are learning it in the Odenwald are a tiny community, withdrawn (some say, too much) upon their lovely hilltop from the battle but sooner or later to go down into its dust and heat. Meanwhile they are being trained as an *élite*, people picked to uphold a cause. German hordes, easily swayed by heady ideas and stepping out too easily at the first word of command, have brought dreadful disasters on themselves and their neighbours by their support of well-drilled *élites* before

now—the Prussian military caste and the picked gangsters of Hitler's black guard. These were trained for purposes of might—what if it had been for right instead? The children of Odenwald, whatever line of life they may choose, are being called to show others how life, for better and not for worse, can begin again.

* * *

Of our G.E.R. Conference there is much to be said but I will not attempt it here. There was much perplexity but no despair among the many German teachers there: what moved us most was their sincerity and courage. With such as these, we felt, the life of their schools, so twisted by the Nazis and battered by the war, can begin again.

Coming Home

I want now to present, in outline, a picture of a very different kind. From Odenwald in the American Zone I travelled northwards into the British Zone to spend the Whitsun weekend in the Toc H Services Club at the beautiful, unscathed university town of Göttingen. At midday on Whit Sunday Camber John (the Warden) and I, picking up some biscuits and a thermos of coffee, drove the few miles to Friedland Camp, which I had long desired to visit. It lies no more than a mile or so from the frontier of the Russian Zone, an exceedingly intricate section of the fateful boundary between East and West. Friedland (the word means 'Peaceland' and has rather a bitter tang about it now) is indeed a frontier-post, one of the two recognised posterns, so to speak, by which German prisoners of war issue through the Iron Curtain into their own country.

I am not concerned here with the ghastly record of savagery on both sides, Russian and German, during the war in Eastern Europe, a black tale which will not for years, perhaps never, be forgotten or forgiven by either party, but only with the situation as it is today. The facts have been given in our newspapers but I will reiterate them briefly. Last year the four occupying powers made a solemn agreement

to repatriate all their German prisoners of war by Christmas, 1948. As everyone knows we honoured our undertaking: all the men in brown battle-dress disappeared from our countryside, with the exception of a few thousand who by their own choice stayed in England to work for farmers and are now of course, free men. On March 15, 1949, the three Western powers sent a Note to the Soviet Government pointing out that it not only still held many German prisoners but that the rate of their repatriation was actually slowing down. There was no reply to this until mid-June and when it came it was perfunctory and non-committal. Meanwhile Mr. Molotov had admitted to the meeting of Foreign Ministers in Moscow that the Soviet Union still held "at least" 100,000 German prisoners: everyone else believed this to be an extreme understatement. In July the International Committee for the Study of European Questions reported their careful investigations to the British, American and French governments and to the Secretary-General of the United Nations. They produced evidence that there were still more than 2,000 prison camps in Russia, occupied by between 2,000,000 and 2,170,000 German prisoners. We need say no more than that the figures don't fit, and that a trickle of returned prisoners, up to 1,500 in a day's batch, are still coming through Friedland Camp every week.

Early in the morning a convoy of Russian lorries brings the prisoners to the wooden barrier across the Friedland road and sets them loose. A hundred yards separates this from the British barrier, where doctors and nurses, with tea and transport, wait to receive them. They stumble across this narrow no-man's land, some too bewildered to realize their freedom, a few turning round to fling a curse or a piece of Russian equipment at their late guards. British lorries carry them in a few minutes to Friedland Camp where the Union Jack flies above the neat wooden buildings and Nissen huts. There everything possible is done for them—food, rest, clothing, news, registration, medical examination and first aid, perhaps a service in the Lutheran or Catholic hut or a show in the camp cinema. As soon as possible they are sorted out into those fit to leave for home (if they still have

one) in the waiting lorries and those who must go into the camp sick-bay and after that, perhaps for a long time, to a hospital elsewhere.

Among the men who arrive there are usually a few women, sometimes a number of children. The women are not, of course, prisoners of war but forced labour. Their condition in this ragged convoy is apt to be far the worst of all. A few Toc H parcels of second-hand women's clothing, in response to a note in this JOURNAL some months ago, have been among those received at Friedland. The donors cannot picture what their gifts of 'cast-offs' have meant to the emaciated and half-naked women there. Some of the children, without a parents' help, have faced and survived experiences and journeyings which might daunt the toughest campaigner. On Whit Sunday I was told that the camp had been warned to be ready for the arrival, within the fortnight to follow, of 30,000 German women and children from Poland, one hopes the last considerable batch of exiles from that quarter.

When we arrived the British officer in command of the camp was out, but we met immediately the genius of the place, Major Mitchell, a woman officer of the Salvation Army, who has worked there through thick and thin for over three years. This small, cheerful woman in neat uniform knows every procedure through and through and is everybody's friend. She walked round with us for some time and then handed us on to others.

One of these, who gave us generously of his time, was the young, alert German doctor. He took us into the darkened hut through which all the men in each convoy pass in quick succession for an X-ray photograph. As they step one after the other on to what looks rather like a complicated weighing machine, a picture of every thorax, from neck to waist, is taken, a series of tiny numbered exposures on cinema film. These can then be thrown, enlarged, on a screen and examined. A nurse ran through for us a few samples of that day's convoy and then a strip of film taken a year ago, which showed, on the whole, worse conditions at that time. "Bad case of T.B., not much hope there",



HOME AGAIN! AN ARRIVAL AT FRIEDLAND (*aged 34*).

said the doctor pointing to a pale cloud spreading across the ribs. "Enlarged heart—look how it has displaced the other organs—and there's a bullet, that white dot, in his lung", might be the next one, or "T.B., curable over a long time probably, but the heart's very bad." Some 25 per cent. of his pictures that morning had clearly showed T.B., he said, and others were doubtful, but the cases of enlarged hearts from over-work and under-feeding were nearly always worse than that. Case reports—for men fit enough to have care at home, sick enough to go to hospital, uncertain enough to need further examination—give him plenty of work when a thousand men in a morning stream through. But it was clear that he loved his work and was proud to be doing it.

Then I had a glimpse of the registry, housed in an immense wooden hut. It had been built up very rapidly in a series of thousands of cardboard boxes which filled the shelves and tables from end to end. Only last year did Friedland begin to collect from relatives of men captured or missing in Russia all the known details of their service and fate. These are typed on a card for each, with a photograph—it may be a picture in uniform, one face in a barracks group or a snapshot of a family picnic—attached. Friedland began its registry last year with 400 cards, at Whitsun this year it had 170,000. These are not for mere statistical purposes but for a very plain, practical use. Every returned prisoner is confronted, if possible, with the cards and photographs of men with whom he is likely to have served, men not merely in his regiment but in his platoon, even his section, and asked if and where and when he last heard of them, alive or dead. In this way Friedland in the past year has confirmed the deaths of some 2,500 men and found "traces of life" (*Lebenszeichen*) of nearly as many more. The news is immediately flashed by teleprinter to other registries and finally to Hamburg which keeps the central register of war-time missing persons, men, women and children, in Germany—they number *eleven million*.

As we left the registry the sound of chanting drew us to a far corner of the camp. There we found a priest standing

before his little altar in a Nissen hut and leading the singing of hymns by a peasant congregation from the village which has no Catholic church. Little girls in white far outnumbered prisoners of war that afternoon and that made it all the more a sight to rejoice the heart of any returned exile. Next we made our way across to the wooden Lutheran church, a large hut with spotless curtains in its line of windows, and were welcomed most kindly on the threshold by the pastor. The afternoon was wearing on and, being now hungry, we asked leave to spread our lunch on his office table. We shared the good coffee from our thermos with him and to our packets of biscuits he added some home-made rock-cakes. Thus encouraged, we talked for some time with our host, a young man of good family, genial, self-possessed and very convinced about his vocation in this unusual 'parish'. Last Easter, with several hundred men receiving the Sacrament in his church, had clearly been a joyful red-letter day in his ministry.

And what of the returned prisoners themselves? The convoy that morning had arrived early and had been unusually small, some 400 men and no women. They had been quickly sorted and examined and many were already on their last lap home. Some of these we had met in a lorry on the road to the railway station as we came in, others in twos and threes were fastening their scanty bundles and preparing to move off. In the huts one man was still being helped with his papers by a patient British N.C.O., another going off to the store to draw a new pair of trousers, a third being enticed into laughter by Major Mitchell. A little group in one corner rallied round a comrade with an accordion, but for the most part the remnants of these sallow, sun-dried men sat about quietly waiting. Waiting, waiting—they had waited for years for this day, they must wait a little longer till all the intricate detail of their long journey was ended. A row of beds in the sick-bay was full of men who would have to wait longer still. Some of these faces were drawn with long-standing pain, others wore the passive mask of a worn-out man sleeping—with what dreams behind it?

Home-coming, hoping against hope, after all these years! And what would each man find? Would he walk into a wonderful family reunion—or estrangement, greet his familiar garden or stand before the heap of rubble which had been his home and, maybe, still covered the dead family beneath it? Would he have to search till he found his folk somewhere else, sharing half a room with strangers? A good many would have no need to search, for their homes lay deep at their backs, behind the iron curtain, their people vanished into that thick air: they would just join the ranks of the refugees from Eastern Europe—some say twelve million of them, nobody says less than six—which are still being swollen by thousands of recruits every day. What tales Friedland, if it but knew them all, could tell of happiness and sorrow, of surprise and disappointment, of lives remade or finally broken! Life, under the most multifarious guises of fulfilment or frustration, begins again for the prisoner of war returning from Russia.

The Island

One more picture—scarcely a picture but a mere glimpse, a vignette. I had travelled north to Celle, still a beautiful old town, and spent one night with Horst Wetterling, our Toc H guest in England last year, and his family, and a second with Ken Oliver, one-time Padre of Toc H London, now a Deputy Chaplain General, in his mess. The first evening until late I spent with Horst in the home of his chief, the Principal of the College where he lectures, a noble character. We discussed many things, and especially the condition of German boys in trouble and what these two, with other volunteers, have been trying to do to help them. On my last morning in Celle I took Ken Oliver with me to get whatever glimpse we could of this work.

'The Island', as they have named this modest but genuine effort, has already been mentioned in these pages, and some readers may remember how it all began. A group of young professional men, teachers, parsons and so on, meeting for regular discussion, found themselves at last 'bogged down' by academic argument and decided to put the Christian



"Celle, still a beautiful old town"

truth they had been debating to the proof in a piece of practical work. (Toc H knows well enough how true fellowship can only be fully found in service of some kind). With financial help both from the Churches and the Trade Unions—a very unusual partnership in Germany—they made a start by acquiring premises which they named 'The Island'.

These have since been a refuge for many in great need, and over the entrance might well hang Shelley's lines—

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery.

By an odd coincidence the Island links my two previous pictures, for as its first purpose it served prisoners-of-war out of Russia, and as its second German Youth, albeit vastly different in its circumstances from the Odenwald children.

The first task, then, was the rehabilitation of those prisoners-of-war, who were wandering homeless, friendless, destitute, sick, in some cases demented, the saddest entrants of Friedland. Horst's students would find such a man in the streets of Celle and guide him to 'The Island', where they would hand him over to the care of two splendid German Red Cross girls, both daughters of noble houses, who have chosen to 'live on the job' since the beginning. A tough time they had nursing these men and reclaiming them in some cases almost from savagery in which they had forgotten even their own names. As the men regained health and confidence, one by one, the volunteers of the 'Island' set out to place them in work, and that was not easy. In all this, however, they won through. Some 200 men thus owed a new beginning in life to this effort.

Next, when aid to returned prisoners was getting better organised everywhere, they began to deal with another kind of client, who needed help even more urgently—the homeless, wandering boys who had lost or left their families in the confusion of the country's collapse and now roved in gangs, without identity cards or ration books, living mostly by their wits in the black market. A year ago I was told that these still numbered over 100,000 in the British Zone alone; this year the estimate I heard was about 55,000. These came and went from place to place, nobody's children. Some of them the 'Island' caught and held, some of these it organised into a community, learning to govern itself and working on the land, others the helpers taught up to the standard of 'schools certificate' so that they stood a chance of good employment. Thus for some of the lads 'on the road' real life began again.

If my experience of the Odenwald School had occupied the inside of a week and of Friedland part of a day, my visit to the 'Island' lasted less than an hour, but its impressions will long remain. On a large patch of waste land beside the river, with a travelling fair pitched at one end, Ken and I found the 'premises', a large, low, shabby wooden hut. Outside we met a lad, dressed partly in discarded British battle-dress, and enquired, as I had been bidden, for 'Sister Elisabeth'. Suspicion vanished at once from his face and it lit up with a glad smile: "She's in there now", he said. We walked into a largish dining room full of trestle tables. At one of them a sunburnt grizzled man, dressed like a vagrant anywhere, was sitting with cheese and a chunk of dark rye bread before him on an enamel plate. "Sister Elisabeth?", I said. His cheeks, distorted already with a mouthful, creased into a smile. "That's her room—there", and he motioned with his clasp-knife.

We knocked and entered. Two people sat, deep in business, and one of them rose to greet us, a short, young girl in Red Cross cap and apron. With a delightful smile she welcomed us as friends of Horst and then talked eagerly about her work. "It must be tough in a bad winter", I said. "O, but I *love* it all the time", she laughed back. I should like also to have met her partner 'Sister Karin' (Fräulein von Brockhusen) but, said Sister Elisabeth (Countess von Finkenstein), she was away in Hamburg investigating a new chance of the same sort of work: "You see, we want to go on—and there may be *two* huts we can get there." Financially the work has been knocked endways by currency reform, which has automatically reduced the charitable funds of the Churches, the Red Cross and every agency of voluntary social service to one-tenth, but these women seemed undismayed. Then she stood in the doorway, thanking us (for what?) and saying. "Come again." The immediate and the final impression we had was of dauntlessness and self-possession and gaiety, the "joyalty of mind" that rests deep on faith. Under the influence of this truly Christian quality many a life cannot choose but begin again.

BARCLAY BARON.



Rajaiah D. Paul and Mrs. Paul

Multum in Parvo

✚ The Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL will be held in London in April, 1950, probably on Saturday and Sunday, 22 and 23.

✚ ALEC CHURCHER has recently returned to England, accompanied by RAJAIAH D. PAUL (Chairman of the South India Regional Executive and Editor of *The Lamp*) and Mrs. PAUL.

✚ The Central Executive have appointed LEONARD PEIRIS to be Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in CEYLON.

✚ Padre SHAUN HERRON has returned from Canada to North Wales. The Rev. GEORGE DAVIDSON is leaving Toronto to become Rector of Christ Church, Winnipeg, and Toc H Staff Padre in the Winnipeg Area.

✚ Talbot House in HONG KONG (50, Macdonnell Road) will continue its work under the Hon. Warden, VIVIAN JACKSON, when JIM AND JEANNE STEVENS leave at the end of September and have some much overdue leave at home

before going to MALTA. There they will relieve BEN AND CATHERINE MILES, who will return to England, Ben to become Services Secretary.

✠ Only recently did the news reach us and so we now congratulate W. CAMBER JOHN, Services Staff, B.A.O.R., on being accorded a Mention in Despatches on August 22, 1946.

✠ The Rev. J. STEPHEN FOWLER, Rector of Axbridge, Somerset, has been appointed Chaplain to St. George's Memorial Church, YPRES. Members on a recent Pilgrimage to the Old House were glad to greet him there and in Poperinghe. The last Pilgrimage this year for Toc H members will take place from September 30 to October 3.

✠ Our thanks and best wishes to Padre GLYN MORGAN, who has left Gladstone House, Liverpool, for a pastorate at Ripley, Derbyshire, and to Padre BERTRAM CALVER, formerly of East Yorkshire Area and now of Mark I, London, who leaves the Staff shortly.

✠ We welcome this month the Rev. JOHN S. MUST, Vicar of Longford, Coventry (to be Warden of a Toc H conference and training centre and to hold the "Sibell Mary Grosvenor" Chaplaincy at Mark II in London), and the Rev. SYDNEY G. PICKLES, of Almondbury, Huddersfield (to be the "Carver" Chaplain in Hull and East Yorkshire Area Padre).

✠ We also welcome NORMAN HARGREAVES, B.Com., Birmingham, who is now on the Staff of the five London Areas.

✠ F. WYATT JOYCE is shortly leaving London for Oxford, where he will be working in the University and in the Oxford District of Toc H. Members aware of any men interested in Toc H who are going up to Oxford, whether from school or the Services, are asked to notify him, c/o 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

✠ Many expressions of gratitude to all, men and women, who helped at the ROYAL SHOW at Shrewsbury in July have been received from the Y.M.C.A. and from the herdsmen and stockmen.

✠ REG STATON has now left Shropshire, where Lt.-Col. R. C. NICHOLAS is Chairman and TOM ROMANIS Hon. Correspondent of the Marches Division. He will join the London

Staff and act as Guestmaster at the London Office, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

✽ Two appeals for suitable periodicals and books are repeated: For the Troops in the FAR EAST, via Singapore; send, marked "FARELF from Toc H", to The Secretary, Council of Voluntary War Work, 92, Gloucester Place, London, W.1. For Seafarers of all nations calling at GIBRALTAR; send to Richard Dines, Flying Angel Club, North Mole, Gibraltar.

✽ Copies of the illustrated re-print of the account in the *Nottingham Guardian* of the "Youth Centre Built in Spare Time" at BINGHAM can be obtained from Headquarters by sending stamps sufficient for postage.

✽ Orders for TOC H DIARIES FOR 1950, price 36s. per dozen, 3s. each, post-free, are now invited and will be booked in order of receipt at Headquarters.

✽ To remind Branch Secretaries of their obligation and to help them in effecting the transfer of members and friends moving to a new address, at home or overseas, COMMENDATION CARDS can now be obtained from Area Secretaries or Correspondents.

✽ FESTIVALS OR RALLIES will be held in September at: The Volunteer Agricultural Camp, Sevenoaks, Kent, 10; Swanwick (Notts. and Derby Area), 10-11; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 17; Harpenden, Herts., 24; in October at: York, 8; London (India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon Reunion), 8-9; East London Area, 22; Bangor, North Wales, 22; in November: South and South-East London Areas, 19; and in December: North London Area, 2; West London Area, 10.

✽ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be started in Ceylon on Sunday, December 11. This may appropriately be observed by each Branch in turn that day at 9 p.m. by local time from Ceylon westward to the Pacific, that is, in the west of Asia, in Africa, Europe and the Americas. On the following day, Monday, December 12, at 9 p.m. by local time the Chain will be completed by observances in New Zealand and Australia and in Asia east of Ceylon.



Service to the Young

The picture above shows members of the Fakenham Branch taking a lesson in handicrafts to enable them, in turn, to teach their many "nephews and nieces" at Little Snoring Children's Home—one of the Branch's regular jobs, in which Tot H Fakenham Women's Section also share.

Below is pictured Tetbury Branch's contribution—a children's sandpit in the local recreation field. The Branch provided the materials, dug the pit and then, very wisely, enlisted expert "outside" help. The playground equipment, seen in background, was erected in a similar way, and their latest project, a drinking fountain, will shortly be installed.



Be Human !

A Plea for Friendship

We are indebted to Mr. GUY PITCAIRN, of the East and West Friendship Council, for this timely article calling for greater understanding and a bigger gesture of goodwill towards those Overseas students who are strangers within our gates.

WE HAVE BECOME ACCUSTOMED in recent months to reading in the Press well-informed articles and letters dealing with the conditions under which many of our Overseas Students live and work, especially in London. The growing number of enquiries reaching the office of the East and West Friendship Council fairly reflect this new interest in a subject which vitally affects our relations with peoples of other races, whether now under British tutelage or not.

Those whose first concern is with the welfare and happiness of students from Africa and the East, know well how small is the number who finally leave our shores with whole-hearted goodwill towards us, and pleasant memories of their sojourn here.

Thousands of these students live in London and the Provinces for periods varying from about eighteen months to five years. These searchers after learning of every sort come from some twenty or thirty different countries which vary from one another every bit as much as Russia differs from Spain or Norway. Some of these students are highly cultured and come from ancient ruling families, some have a natural charm or personality which would make them popular in any community, while others are well travelled and accustomed to adapting themselves to new and strange circumstances. These people usually "get by", as the Americans say, and live their time in reasonable comfort and peace of mind.

It is well to remember, however, that in any community

in the world, persons of charm, culture, brilliance or wide sophistication must form but a tiny minority. And so it is with our guests, though to be sure they are all, in their own countries, taken from the higher intelligence levels. The large majority come from countries of great population, crowded and joyous cities where the warmth of climate develops in them the brilliant and ardent nature found in the people of the sunny South of Europe. But they do not come to Southern Europe, to smiling Italy, Spain and the Mediterranean. They come to England where we have a tradition of being aloof, suspicious of strangers, unfriendly even among ourselves, cold in temper, and slow indeed to thaw towards people of strange races. And where in addition, oddly enough among a people so widely scattered through the globe, we see something to be avoided and even feared, in persons of a different colour from ours.

Perhaps it is true to say that members of the higher social levels in English society feel more acutely the "avoidance", and the less cultured people the "fear". However this may be, the results at all levels and in all social groups, are the same. The coloured student, or indeed the man from the East or Africa who makes his permanent living among us, is constantly made aware that he is "different", that he does not "belong", and that he cannot expect to be treated as a simple human, with a heart and a deep longing for friends and home. The African, Indian, Malay or West Indian commonly comes from close-knit family groups, where children abound, family affairs are shared equally by cousins, aunts and in-laws, and where the patriarchal household often includes members of three or more generations. It may, therefore, be well understood how hardly this icy reserve of ours presses upon the newcomer. He is likely to miss most of all the ordinary human friendliness of his fellow-men, the family circle, and all the small but joyous and satisfying incidents of crowded and shared homes.

In England today few Overseas men have their wives, and fewer still their children. And the number who are put in the way of knowing, for the time being, a happy English family with children in it, is lamentably small. Of

all the student's needs, after he has found accommodation, this is the most urgent, for it gives him some insight into the real England of homes and relations, and takes him, for that period at least, behind the barrier of fear and avoidance which he cannot possibly understand, and which leaves him bitter and resentful.

The East and West Friendship Council exists to supply him with these family contacts, and no effort is being spared to seek out those interested in fostering International Goodwill who can give students occasional or permanent hospitality in real homes. The number needed is great, and we want all members of Toc H to know this.

Colour discrimination is common wherever there are mixed communities in this country. The 'avoiders' are deliberately over-bearing and haughty; the 'fearful' are stupidly rude and often insulting in their ignorance. Unhappy incidents occur daily and are known to the thoughtful few who make it their business to work for better conditions for our student guests. To these few is known also how deeply our prestige is suffering, what store of ill-will we are laying by in far distant places for the future, and what injury is done to the spirit of sensitive persons, many of whom are far more highly educated than we are ourselves. These statements are of fact and are incapable of denial. They relate to the great majority, for of course there are always some English families and individuals who show kindness and make friends with Overseas students. They are only too few.

For the purpose of this note, I propose to ignore the grosser gestures of ill manners and the deliberate rudeness and discourtesy of comparatively few; and to mention the general 'isolationism' of the huge majority.

I have said that most students of other races from warmer countries long for the old known family circles, and I am sure that this is a profound truth. But I believe it to be also true that far less psychological damage or disturbance would be experienced by these students, if among the vast crowds of London and other cities the faces of the people

could be turned towards them instead of away from them. Those of us who move much among these young people of other races know that if these students could, on leaving their lodging or hostel, find in the street, bus, train, restaurant or business house (yes and in their own colleges) any considerable number of citizens who showed towards them the ordinary friendly courtesies of Christian good-will, instead of the aspect of avoidance and fear, the whole face of their world would be changed.

Almost every well-informed note on this subject mentions the need for education of our people in the meaning of International friendship. And it is my belief that this cannot be done without a widespread popular movement to teach the man in the street to go just a little distance out of his way to show these people generosity and interest and the small human decencies that spring from the Christian heart.

We know that there are many who for one reason or another, good or bad, are unable to offer home hospitality and accommodation. But there must be many thousands who, if they were taught the rudiments of what is contained in this note, and if they experienced once the real delight with which any small gesture of goodwill is received by Overseas students, would find no difficulty at all in joining the International Friends or East and West Friends (call the new movement what you will). These would undertake to foster friendly relations between West and East at all times and do what lies in their power to help persons of other races in difficulty in the street, shop or bus, to smile instead of frown, and to ask whenever opportunity occurred, whether there was anything they could do to make their stay here pleasant and more comfortable. There is no Christian of goodwill who could not and should not join this public popular movement, for it is no more than to say "I will be the Christian man I was taught to be as a child".

To initiate such a popular campaign is not simple and may be outside the scope of one association or group of enthusiasts. This Council, however, wishes it to be known that it regards the two great needs in this field today as

being, firstly to find families who will open their doors to students from time to time—preferably those containing children and young people; and secondly the spreading of a knowledge of the present frozen isolation in which these students mostly live and move and have their being, so that men of good heart in their thousands may rally together and determine to show in public the flag of goodwill and the face of friendship. The Council asks with full confidence that members of ToC H interested in these aims and plans will make no delay in sending in their names and any suggestions, to the East and West Friendship Council, Annandale, North End Road, London, N.W.11.

G.D.P.

Growing Up

At Home, In School and After

WHILE IT IS TOO MUCH to expect that the popular Press will give the same prominence to this newly-published pamphlet* as is customary for any sordid tale of murder, it will be a great pity if through lack of publicity it fails to receive nation-wide attention.

Lest any think that the full and proper training of youth is the sole responsibility of the professional teacher, here is an authoritative statement which calls for the earnest consideration of all concerned with the young: Sir Harold Scott, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, in his report for 1948 draws attention to the following disturbing figures for juvenile crime:

"Compared with 1947, there were 28 per cent. more children, 21 per cent. more young persons between fourteen and sixteen years, and 4 per cent. more persons aged seventeen to twenty years arrested for indictable crimes. In all there was an increase of 16.7 per cent. in arrests of persons under twenty-one years of age. Compared with 1938, the increase is nearly 50 per cent. in the case of children and 40 per cent. in the case of young persons."

**Citizens Growing Up*, published by the Ministry of Education (Stationery Office, 1s.).

Speaking in the same week, General Slim, the C.I.G.S., who ought to know, gave a further forcible reminder when he said that the Army still has an annual intake of 2,000 recruits who are unable to write their own names. While such statements remain shamefully true, there can be no room for complacency, and the least we can do is to study this pamphlet's suggestions and try wherever possible to implement them.

Written in three parts, the first is addressed not only to teachers, but equally to parents and all who are interested in helping young people to become decent members of society. Parts two and three cover the teaching of citizenship during childhood and adolescence, and in adult society. In the latter section, although Toc H receives no mention by name, there is much that fits into our picture of Branch 'family life'.

To those who hold the view that governmental departments are soulless, possessing only broad posteriors for well-merited kicks, it may come as a surprise that the Ministry of Education is vitally concerned with spiritual values:

"It is the faith of this pamphlet that spiritual convictions are the vital element in the democratic way of life, the handful of yeast, the grain of mustard seed, the candle set on a candlestick. These vital centres of moral strength are quite able to maintain themselves and to perform their mission without imposing standardised beliefs on society. The Christian society in particular needs no advertisement other than its own convictions, with the energy of which it charges the political and social atmospheres. Socrates was not able to define justice without some assumptions about the gods, and it will not be easy for our own society to behave in a just way without some reason stronger than political or social expediency for rejecting injustice. In Christianity these reasons are abundantly found, and it is for the Christian believers to play their part, in the spirit of their Founder, as the servants of the good society. 'Let your Light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.'"

When planning Branch programmes, it might be considered worth while to devote one or more evenings to discussion of some of the points the pamphlet raises. *Verb. Sap:* such discussions will undoubtedly prove more fruitful if the pamphlet has been read previously by those taking part in them.

F.G.C.

The Open Hustings

The revival of this feature has brought expressions of appreciation from many readers. Here is a further selection of letters covering a wide field. Writers are asked to keep their letters as brief as possible.

Stamps

DEAR EDITOR,

In a circular received from an estimable young Society, I read: "I cannot speak too highly of the response which Toc H is making to our appeal for stamps. We get large parcels from many units and they all help to provide us with badly-needed funds. Total from stamps to date: £2,200."

This fine effort for another cause made me turn back to the latest report from the Hon. Secretary of the Toc H Stamp Appeal, 142 St. Margaret's Road, Edgware, Middlesex, asking for used postage stamps from overseas countries, and Great Britain stamps from 3d. upwards. In the December, 1948, JOURNAL, I read: "During the year ended October 31, 1948, the sale of used postage stamps sent to me by members all over the world raised no less than £92 for the benefit of Toc H funds."

Lambeth.

PUZZLED.

(So that this year's total may at least equal last year's, we hope that there will be a speedy material increase in contributions to the Toc H Stamp Appeal. Ed.).

News from Home

DEAR EDITOR,

Wilton Branch regularly sends a monthly news-sheet to all local men serving in the Forces and in the Royal Merchant Navy. Tubby recently heard about this, and here is an extract from the letter he wrote to our Padre:

"Local papers are far more prized at sea than the London dailies, and I believe that there ought to be a rule that any Wilton boys who are overseas or on the seas should get the *Wilton Thunderer* sent them by post entirely free of cost. The local people would be glad to pay for such a distribution to their sons, and once this custom is started in one place, it would quite quickly spread to other places."

Our Editor, William Rumhold, 14 West Street, Wilton, Salisbury, would be glad to hear from other Branches already engaged on similar schemes, and we hope that others may follow suit. Meanwhile, we would point out that our own news-sheet aims at the intimate touch of a specially written letter.

SCRIBE.

Wilton, Salisbury.

Second Thoughts

DEAR EDITOR,

I was interested in Gobbo's letter regarding the Central Council Meetings. There must be many other Councillors who have had second thoughts about the Meeting. Like Gobbo, it was also my first appearance and I, too, felt somewhat disappointed at the lack of any really profound resolutions and inspiring discussion.

On further reflection however, I wondered whether we should have expected to hear such things at a Central Council Meeting. 'Toc H has more than once been described as a "woolly" organisation but that is not the reason, I trust, for the lack of vital and challenging discussion. We have been in the habit of hearing many inspiring speeches and brave plans for a new world. Many have been challenging and sound but the one thing necessary to make them practicable has been missing. That one thing is an audience capable of translating such ideas into practice.

Men do not usually discover a vital interest in life by listening. They usually catch it from men who already have such an interest and are living alongside them. Surely the true function of a Central Council Meeting, apart from the essential business, is the *infection* of those who attend with fresh interest and enthusiasm by a series of personal encounters.

In this respect the Council Meetings were, perhaps, a little less disappointing than Gobbo would have us believe. There is still much to be desired and it is to be hoped that the next meeting will see less geographical groupings of members during the more informal sessions.

The early Christians built fearlessly because they were a band of friends intent on service together. If the Central Council Meetings result in Councillors feeling the strength of that bond of Christian brotherhood then infinitely more will be achieved than by rousing speeches and multiple resolutions.

Too long we have bewailed our lack of inspiring leaders, apart from those who have served us so long and so well. Too long we have failed to recognise those elusive leaders as ourselves. We have looked for rousing speeches and vital discussions to further our cause when the answer lay in the friendly clasp of our brother's hand.

C. ERNIE WERR.

Worsley, Nr. Manchester.

Ourselves Again

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Reading the account of the Central Council Meeting in the JOURNAL, we in Cheltenham were rather surprised to read that one or two members said that the "All's Well" series were popular.

The impression that we got

was that everything went off too well. It was just too good to believe. Members had lost interest long before the last instalment. We would rather advocate an "All's Ill" series, giving the troubles and setbacks that Branches throughout the country have to face. Some Branches may have found the solution to one or two problems, and may be able to help the whole Family of 'Toc H.

Referring to A. G. Jones' remarks on free pamphlets, speaking personally, I sincerely hope that the pamphlet "'Toc H—What is it?" is carried on, as I think this is the most excellent to give to 'outsiders', and is not a waste of money.

Cheltenham. E. F. PULLEN.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been moved to this effort by a letter in the July JOURNAL from A. Beaven, of Street. May I take his points one by one?

(1) Surely the writer has missed the point here? The JOURNAL is not intended to be another rival to *London Opinion* or *Men Only*. I feel that it should be a means of contact in thought between members. Agreed it might be improved, but I have never yet picked up a number in which nothing has interested me.

(2) The Guest Night. I don't think the writer can be in very close touch with other Units in his District. I have

had the pleasure of attending two Guest Nights within ten miles of Street during the last few weeks, and found the three things, said to be absent from such functions, very much present. We started punctually; all those taking part knew what was happening, and each made his bit happen at the right moment. Result — harmony, and as the things they did were a "bit different", a really good time was had by all.

(3) Membership. I couldn't agree more that 'Toc H, or preferably *The Spirit* is in everyman, even those we call bad. I feel that too often it is not realised that to become a member of 'Toc H in the fullest sense, is to be aware of that *Spirit*, and to have the wish to develop it. A man is not a "member in good standing" just because he comes regularly to meetings, gives time to social work; or his money to the poor. It is only when he does these things through and because of the *Spirit*, that he really joins.

Most of the men I meet have only a comparatively superficial interest in things international, but are intensely interested in anything in which they can take a hand personally. Nationalisation has lessened the ways in which we were able to pay "the rent" and I suggest the time is ripe for a series of articles in the JOURNAL, possibly titled "Where does 'Toc H fit in my locality".
Somerton, Som. H.A.C.

DEAR EDITOR,

Please, whatever you do, don't try to 'improve' the JOURNAL by filling it with "a good serial story . . . some news and a bit of sport" as suggested by A. Beaven in the July number. Surely there are enough magazines of this type on sale to the public already.

I pass my JOURNAL on to a friend who although not a member of 'Toc H finds the articles very interesting.

M. HOWARD.

London.

DEAR BARKIS,

I have read my June JOURNAL with a great deal of interest, especially the pages devoted to the Central Council Meeting.

I am particularly interested by the remarks made by the various Councillors and yourself regarding the JOURNAL. I have always enjoyed it and have yet to read one which doesn't teach me something, but then I have a lot to learn. I do really believe you have well and truly answered most of the criticisms when you say that the JOURNAL has to serve three purposes; to act as a purveyor of news, an official gazette and a teaching organ. To the member who cannot keep in constant touch with a unit, the JOURNAL ably serves the first two functions, and the third is essential to the whole Family.

JOHN WILSON.

London, N.1.

World Chain of Light

DEAR EDITOR,

I see that the World Chain of Light is to be observed at 9 p.m. by local time on December 11 and 12 this year. For those of us who live West of Ceylon as far as the Pacific Ocean, this means Sunday evening. Why should not every member of 'Toc H resolve to himself the duty of joining in the corporate worship of *his own* Church that evening before attending his Branch's observance? If he does not profess a Church of his own, he is free to choose. "The unseen chain" can bind us together in our places of worship and humble witness as well as across the world.

LAMP-LIGHTER.

Signs Wanted

DEAR EDITOR,

May a 'new boy' make a plea through your columns for the signposting of 'Toc H meeting-places and Marks? Without a guide, and knowing no more than the name of the road and possibly the number of the premises, a man arriving at the station of a town strange to him will have to ask the way many times before he reaches his objective and waste much time in doing so.

One or two adequate direction boards strategically placed on corner walls, lamp-posts or street refuges would not only help the 'Toc H traveller but

would enable the local population to become better informed than they usually are. R.A.C. and A.A. direction signs are excellent examples of the kind of thing I mean. They should be well written and designed, and kept in good condition to demonstrate the quality of the movement to which they point the way.

Most local councils will offer facilities for sites for direction boards on public property and private owners are usually well disposed. The rents, where charged, are not more than a pound or two a year.

"WANDERER."

Weak Contact

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Members from Great Britain are still coming out here without any mention, introduction or notice, and we are thus quite unable to welcome them as we do those whose Branch Secretaries have had the gumption to advise us of their arrival.

Only this week a wise man in the Y.M.C.A. was signing on a youngster and the lad introduced his father to the Y.M. Secretary who suggested to the father that he too should have a part to play in the life of the community. The father replied that at home he had been keen on Toc H whereupon the Y.M. Secretary,

praised by his humility and wisdom, put me in touch and we are going ahead. We cannot always count on the co-operation that we have received from the Y.M. Other, lesser, societies might well have tried to secure the father for their own valuable work.

How many members are over here un-contacted? Some, undoubtedly, have been lost to our Family merely because a Branch Secretary has not *bothered* to show his interest in passing on information about a member of the thing that we dare to call a Family.

When we are advised, either directly or through the Overseas Secretary in London, the member receives a letter of welcome and an invitation to come to meet us and in addition, whenever it is possible, someone goes down to the ship to meet him.

This is a criticism of ourselves as members of Toc H. I fear that it goes a great deal wider than in the case of Overseas travellers. Both in Australia and in Great Britain we are losing valuable men in this careless way; the number of times when, going out to start new units, one finds ex-members whose whereabouts our "Family" has just lost to sight, is quite deplorable.

LEMON.

McIlhounne.



"Have you a book on Legal Aid?"

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Public Libraries

The writer of this informative article on modern developments in the working of Public Libraries is Miss JOAN CROKE, the Honorary Secretary of the Guild of Hospital Librarians.

THE TIME may come when you will bring home your weekend reading from the local library in an envelope in your pocket or handbag. This may seem a startling idea but it is in fact nothing more than an extension of the technique which made the micro-letter so useful and familiar to us during the war. It is a comparatively simple matter now to produce the text of a 300-page book on a card a little smaller than a postcard. At present these microcards are read through a strong magnifying glass but no doubt someone will soon produce a small, portable 'reader' which will

enable us to read our "book" in comfort in the train or at home. Perhaps you prefer your books in their present bulky but pleasing form? Most librarians would agree with you for although the new process would save miles of precious storage space it would not be welcomed if it deprived us altogether of the pleasure of the sight and feel and even the smell of a well-produced book.

Whatever differences future ingenuity may make to the technique of librarianship our basic aims will remain the same; to provide those books which will be of the greatest value to the community, whether for information or recreation, and to make the best possible use of them. With this aim in mind we have often proclaimed our intention, "to bring the right book to the right person," but since it is obviously impossible for every public library to contain every book, we often find that the reader is at Land's End while the book is at John o' Groats. The problem is to bring them together. The difficulty was partly overcome some years ago by the formation throughout the country of Regional Library Bureaux. Nearly all of the Public Libraries and most of the technical and special libraries co-operate to lend books to each other through the Bureaux so that it is now possible to borrow almost any book. If the need is sufficiently great they may even be borrowed from libraries abroad.

Recently another scheme has been devised to supplement the work of the Bureaux. At the moment it operates in London only, chiefly because it is peculiarly suited to the special conditions of the Metropolitan boroughs, but it may be adopted by other parts of the country. Under this plan every library in London has agreed to build up a large collection of books on certain subjects which have been allocated to it. For example one London Borough may specialize in books on music, economics, and railway engineering, while another may collect books on archaeology, psychology and aeronautics. Thus in a few years a reader interested in almost any subject will be able to find, somewhere in London, a collection of books which will be useful to him. Of course, this plan is not intended to rival the

wonderful collections of the special libraries, such as the Science Museum, but is intended for the general reader who has not access to these libraries.

It was possible to introduce this scheme because of an earlier agreement which was made to allow a member of any of the Metropolitan Libraries to use his tickets at any other London Public library. We hope that eventually it will be possible to break down all local barriers and to permit anyone to borrow from any library without formality.

Much thought goes into the selection of the library stock. Technical books especially are chosen with great care and often upon the advice of local experts, while when choosing books for the general reader the librarian relies upon reviews in the literary and trade papers and, of course, upon his own judgement. All librarians are very pleased to receive suggestions for books to be added to the library because it helps them to keep in touch with the reading tastes of their members. So if, when a book has been recommended to you or you have read an attractive review of it, you find it is not in your local library make a note of it in the library's Suggestion Book. Your librarian will probably be glad to buy it for you. On the other hand you may find that it is already in the library stock but is always "out". This aggravating game of hide and seek in which your long sought for book seems deliberately to evade you can be avoided if you ask the librarian to reserve it for you. Usually a small fee is charged for this service but it is rarely more than twopence and is well worth while. Rare books or those which it is not economical to buy because there is little demand for them, can often be borrowed for you through the Library Bureaux which have already been described. You may be asked to pay the postage on the book but in many libraries the service is free.

While the towns are fairly well served by libraries there still remains the difficulty of supplying books to people in remote country districts. Too often their only library has been a box of books in the village hall. Now, more and more of the rural areas are being served by Mobile Libraries.

These vary in size and design but the larger vans carry about 2,000 books and are fitted up inside like a small room. They call for a few hours each week at villages and hamlets and although no one would suggest that they can give a true library service at least they provide a reasonably good choice of books and the advice of a professionally trained librarian.

The extension of the library service outside the library buildings has carried our work into every part of the life of the community. There are now branches of the public libraries in schools, hospitals, prisons, colleges, health centres, community centres, youth clubs and veterans' clubs. At least one librarian has arranged for books to be taken to invalids and others who cannot leave their homes. Others subscribe to the National Library for the Blind and obtain books in Braille free for their blind readers.

Moreover it is not only books which can be borrowed from the public libraries, although these will always be by far the most important part of the service. Gramophone record libraries, some containing as many as 5,000 records, have sprung up all over the country. Pictures, films, and lantern slides are all part of the stock of the modern public library. Lectures, discussion and play reading groups, exhibitions and concerts—these all help to make a library more than a mere collection of books, but always their purpose is not simply to entertain but to increase the love of books.

In the end it is the staff who, when they have paraded the books neatly and in order on the shelves, rescue them from the anonymity of the vast regiment and set them to work where they will give most pleasure or assistance. This is the aim of the young librarians now undergoing a long and difficult training at the newly founded Library Schools: that they may help the people to use the knowledge and pleasure which lies waiting in books to withstand the advance of empty mechanical amusement and to form the clear and impartial judgement which is based on accurate information and understanding.

J.C.